

JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. M'CARDELL

They Go to the Races, and, After a More or Less Pleasant Day, Agree that Betting Is Foolish If Not Wicked.

It was a beautiful day at the Gravesend Race Track. There were good seats, said Mr. Jarr, as the loving pair entered the grand-stand from the back. "I'm going to have one of those seats down front; there's a lot there empty," said Mrs. Jarr. "My money is just as good as other people's, and if you think you can poke me away back where I can't see anything you're mistaken!" "Oh, all right, dear," replied Mr. Jarr, hastily, "sit wherever you want to. Come on, let us go down the other aisle; there's empty seats on that side."

But, with all that was pure womanly in his grim determination to inconvenience every one in sight, Mrs. Jarr had started to walk in front of some twenty people, from the aisle where she stood, to get to two seats on the far side. Mr. Jarr had gone around and stood waiting for her. "Why didn't you come around; you'd have made it in half the time and without inconveniencing anybody!" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because I am not going to put myself out for other people, that's why!" said Mrs. Jarr, scowling at an apologetic little man who bowed his way past her to hand a pair of field glasses to a lady near by.

"I'll go get a couple of programmes and also see if anybody is here we know," said Mr. Jarr.

"No, you sit right down here by me!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Why do you ask me to go to places with you and then run away and leave me as if you didn't want to be seen with me?"

"I don't do anything of the kind!" snapped Mr. Jarr. "I'll be right back in a minute!"

"You sit right down there, Mr. Jarr!" exclaimed his good wife. "You may not have enough respect for me to act as a gentleman should act to a lady he is escorting—I know I'm only your wife—but if you do not stay with me, I'm going right home and leave you here!"

"I wish you'd go right home and leave your temper there!" snarled Mr. Jarr. Further reply was avoided by the cry "They're off!" from the multitude. A moment of intense excitement and the favorite rumped home.

"That was the horse I was going to bet on! What was its name?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Why haven't you a programme? Why don't you get me a programme?"

Mr. Jarr with a few heated remarks left hurriedly and returned in a few moments with a programme.

"Here's a horse named Cheese," said Mrs. Jarr; "play that one; cheese runs in this weather."

Mr. Jarr looked at her to see if it was a joke, but Mrs. Jarr was as serious and sensible, and she dashed his hat on the ground with a burst of pent-up rage.

"That's a fine choice, Cheese!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "Why, don't you know that Sea Robber can't lose in this race unless he breaks all four legs?"

"How should I know?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I do not associate with gamblers or hang around pool-rooms. But I know Cheese is going to win."

Mr. Jarr disappeared into the betting ring and returned with a frown. "Only could get even money," said Mr. Jarr.

"On Cheese?" asked Mrs. Jarr. Her husband regarded her with lofty scorn. "Hah!" was all he answered.

After a slight delay at the barrier, the horses were off, the despised Cheese leading all the way and winning easily.

Mrs. Jarr clapped her hands. "Go get my money!" she said.

Mr. Jarr looked at her in astonishment. "I told you to bet on Cheese!" said Mrs. Jarr. Mr. Jarr recoiled down in his pocket and handed her his. "You win!" he said.

"Now you take my judgment after this!" said Mrs. Jarr triumphantly. Mr. Jarr growled and said "Oh, all right!"

From that on Mrs. Jarr listened to the sage comments of a very blond lady near her and advised as to the betting. Mr. Jarr, with supreme contempt, played favorites from that on, some of which won.

On the last race he went suddenly into the ring and picked two hat-pin whistles, hundred-to-one shots.

As the second whistle rumbled under the wire Mr. Jarr got up sulkily and said, "Come on, son!"

"Well, they would have won," said Mrs. Jarr. "They always do in books and plays—but then," she added, "it wasn't our last dollar to save the mortgage home!"

"It was my last dollar; you pay the fares," said Mr. Jarr, and he never spoke to her all the way home.

Mrs. Jarr in still telling the neighbors how much they would have won if her judgment had only been followed.

New Yorkers in Corsets.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

(Globe. Whitney says New York men wear corsets.—News Item.)

"THE men now wear the corsets, while the women wear the breeches." Thus spoke a lady modiste in the midst of modest speeches.

"The New York men I'm hitting, so my meaning you can't miss."

Bald she, and we're expecting to see fashion notes like this:

Mike Donlin, of the Giants, wears a corset that is great; You'll notice in the papers how "He laced it 'cross the plate."

Charles Murphy said he trained it off, but 'twasn't all that way; You note he had a swell straight front upon primary day.

The district leaders, here and there, look chesty. Saucy things! Parchance it's corsets that they wear, while Big Tim pulls the strings.

Odell was getting fat and thought his front was rather big. Till Parsons tied a corset on that squeezed both Ben and Quigg.

The Gas Trust, trussed up neatly in a corset, cannot feel The public's angry charges that bounce lightly off the steal.

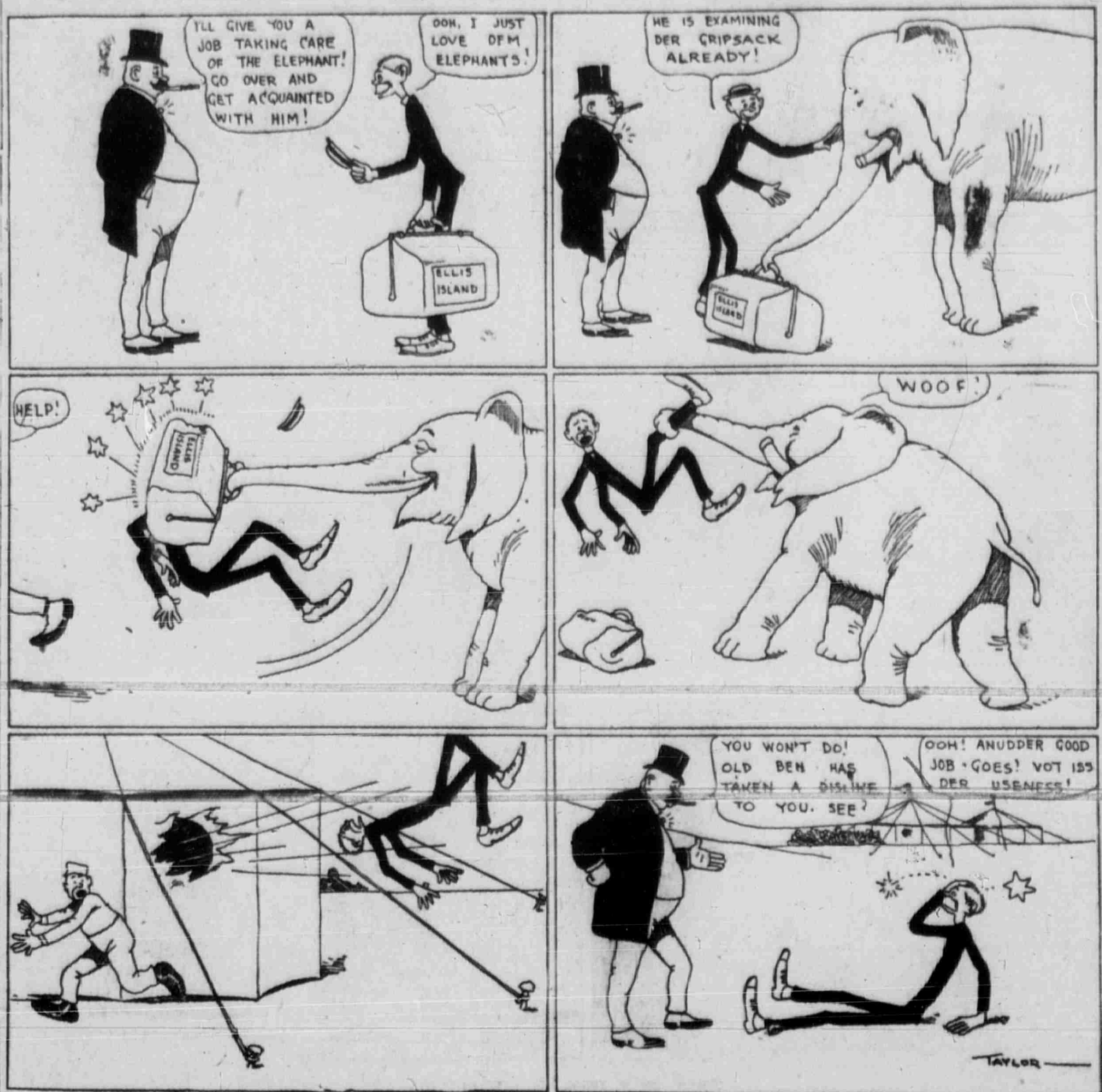
And in the good old Subway, where the hurried people chase, That's where all male Manhattan learned to live they have to lace.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

EVERY housewife appreciates the value of a cap. Here are three models, all admirable and simple. They can be worn as illustrated or drawn down well over the hair. The one shown in the upper left is made from a bordered handkerchief. The fitted cap fits snugly about the face. In the illustration it combines a striped material with plain, but whether it shall be made of one throughout is entirely optional. The third cap, the simplest of all, is in one piece drawn up by means of elastic inserted in a casing. White or figured lawn or any washable material is appropriate. The quantity of material required is one handkerchief 18 inches square for the handkerchief cap, 5-8 yard if inches wide for the round cap and 6-8 yard for the natural for the fitted cap. The pattern—No. 502—is cut in one size only.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify also wanted.

UNLUCKY LOOIE. How Fate Pursues Him! By R.W. TAYLOR.



KING MIDAS.

By Upton Sinclair, Author of "THE JUNGLE."

Printed Exclusively in The Evening World.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Midas is loved by his sister, Helen, who is engaged to Mr. Harrison, a wealthy man. Helen is a beautiful girl, and her love for Midas is pure and true. Midas, however, is a selfish and greedy man, and he is determined to marry Helen for her money. He is willing to do anything to get her, and he is not above using force or fraud to achieve his purpose.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

MR. HARRISON, who was standing by the window, turned when he heard her; she answered his greeting kindly, and then sat down and remained very still for a moment or two, gazing at her hands in her lap. At last she raised her eyes to him, and said: "Mr. Harrison, did you receive the letter I wrote you?"

"Yes," the other answered quickly. "I did. I can not tell you how much pain it caused me. And Helen—or must I call you Miss Davis?"

"I have been very unhappy, Mr. Harrison," she answered, "and I do not believe I can ever be other wise again. Did you not notice that I was unhappy?"

"I never thought of it until yesterday," the other replied.

"Until the drive," said Helen; "that was the climax of it. I must tell you the reason why I was so frightened then—that I have a friend who was as dear to me as if he were my brother, and he loved me very much, very much more than I deserve to be loved by anyone, and when I was engaged to you he was very ill, and because I knew I was doing so wrong I did not dare to go and see him. That was why I was afraid to pass through Hilltown. The reason I was so frightened afterward is that I caught a glimpse of him, and he was in such a dreadful way. This morning I found that he had left his home and gone away, no one knows where, so that I fear I shall never see him again."

Helen paused, and the other, who had sat down and was leaning forward anxiously, asked her, "Then it is this friend that you love?"

"No," the girl replied, "it is not that; I do not love anybody."

"But then I do not understand," went on Mr. Harrison, with a puzzled look. "You spoke of his having been so wrong; was it not your right to wish to marry me?"

"I owe it to you to tell you the truth," she said, "and then it will no longer cause you pain to give me up. For I did not love you at all, Mr. Harrison; but I loved all that you offered me, and I allowed myself to be tempted thus to promise to marry you. Ever afterward I was quite watched, because I knew that I was doing something wicked, and yet I never had the courage to stop. So it went on until my punishment came yesterday. I have suffered fearfully since that."

"I have done very wrong indeed," she answered, his voice trembling. "For I do not think that I had any right even to ask you to marry me. You make me feel suddenly how very poor a world I have lived in and how much lower than yours all my ways of thinking are. You look surprised that I say that," he added, as he saw that the girl was about to interrupt him, "but you do not know much about the world. Do you suppose that there are many women in society who would hesitate to marry me for my money?"

"I do not think so," Helen said in a low voice. "I wish that you would not ever think of me so."

And Helen stopped again and pressed her hand upon Mr. Harrison's impotently. He sat gazing at her in silence for a minute, and then he said, slowly: "When you put it so, it is very hard for me to say anything more. If you are only sure that that is your final word—that there is really no chance that you could ever love me—"

"I am perfectly sure of it," the girl answered; "and because I know how cruel it sounds it is harder for me to say than for you to hear. But it is really the truth, Mr. Harrison. I do not think that you ought to see me again until you are sure that you will not make me unhappy."

"The man sat for a moment after that with his head bowed, and then he bit his lip very hard and rose from his chair. "You can never know," he said, "how lonely it makes a man feel to hear words like those. But he took Helen's hand in his and said it for an instant and then added: 'I shall do as you ask me. Good-by.' And he let her hand fall and went to the door. There he stopped to gaze upon again for a moment and then turned and disappeared, closing the door behind him."

Helen was left seated in the chair, where she remained for several minutes, leaning forward with her head in her hands and gazing steadily in front of her, thinking very grave thoughts. She rose at last, however, and brushed back the hair from her forehead and went slowly toward the door. It would have seemed lack of feeling to her, had she thought of it, but even before she had reached the stairs the scene through which she had just passed was gone from her mind entirely and she was saying to herself: "If I could only know where Arthur is this afternoon!"

Her mind was still full of that thought when she entered the room, where she found her aunt seated just as she had left her, and in no more pleasant humor than before.

"You have told him, I suppose," she inquired.

"Yes," Helen said. "I have told him, Aunt Polly."

"And now you are happy, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, I am very far from that," said Helen, and she went to the window, she stood there, gazing out, but with her thoughts equally far away from the scene outside as from Mrs. Robert's warnings and sarcasms. The latter had gone on for several minutes before her niece turned suddenly. "Excuse me for interrupting you, Aunt Polly," she said; "but I want to know whether Mr. Howard has gone yet."

"His train goes in an hour or so," said Mrs. Robert, not very graciously.

"I think I will see if he is downstairs," Helen responded; "I wish to speak to him before he goes."

And so she descended and found Mr. Howard seated alone upon the piazza.

Taking a seat beside him, she said: "I did not

thank you when I left you in the carriage, Mr. Howard, for having been so kind to me; but I was so wrapped up in my worry—"

Mr. Howard sat gazing in front of him, for a moment, and then he said gently, "What is the change that you speak of were to be accomplished, Miss Davis, without your ever thinking about it?"

For what is it that makes the difference between being thoughtful and selfish, and being noble and good, if it be not simply to walk reverently in God's great temple of life, and to think with sorrow of one's own self? Believe me, my dear friend, the best man that has lived on earth has been no more cause to be pleased with themselves than you."

Helen did not answer for several moments, for the thought was strange to her; then suddenly she gazed at the other very earnestly and said, "Mr. Howard, you are a man who lives for what is beautiful and high—suppose that you had to carry all through your life the burden of such guilt as mine?"

The man's voice was trembling slightly as he answered her: "It is not hard for me to suppose that, Miss Davis; I have such a burden to carry."

"But the consequence?" she exclaimed. "Surely, Mr. Howard, you could not bear to live if you knew—"

"I have never known the consequences," said the man, as she stopped abruptly; "just as you may never know them; but this I know, that yours could not be so dreadful as mine must be. I know also that I am far more to blame for them than you."

Helen sat for a long time in silence after that, wondering at what was passing in her own mind; it was as if she had caught a sudden glimpse into a great vista of life. She had always before thought of this man's suffering as having been physical; and the deep movement of sympathy and awe which stirred her now was one step further from her own self-absorption, and one step nearer to the suffering that is in the heart of things.

But Helen had to keep that thought and dwell upon it in solitude; there was no chance for her to talk with Mr. Howard any more, for she heard her aunt's step in the hall behind her. She had only time to say, "I am going home myself this afternoon; will you come there to see me, Mr. Howard? I cannot tell you how much pleasure it would give me."

"There is nothing I should like to do more," the man answered; "I hope to keep your friendship. When would you like me to come?"

"Any time that you can," replied Helen. "Come soon, for I know how unhappy I shall be."

That was practically the last word she said to Mr. Howard, for her aunt joined them, and after that the conversation was formal. It was not very long before the carriage came for him, and Helen pressed his hand gratefully at parting, and stood leaning against a pillar of the porch, shading her eyes from the sun while she watched the carriage depart. Then she sat down to wait for it to return from the depot for her, which it did before long; and so she bled farewell to her aunt.

It was a great relief to Helen; and while we know not what emotions it may cause to the reader, it is perhaps well to say that she may likewise pay his last respects to the worthy matron, who will not take part in the humble events of which the rest of our story must be composed.

(To Be Continued.)

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS.

Will She Wait for Him?

Dear Betty:

I AM in love with a girl who thinks the world of me and I think the world of her. This girl is very good to me, as I am not working at present, but at some future time I intend to make this girl my wife. Do you think I am asking this girl too much when I tell her she will have to wait some time before I will be able to marry her? She has only one fault and that is she is terribly jealous of me. But I am as true to her as the stars above.

M. P. Mc.

If the girl loves you she will not ob-

ject to waiting. She certainly must realize you can't marry her while you are out of work.

He Only Sends Postals.

Dear Betty:

ABOUT a year and a half ago I met a young man one year my junior; we kept steady company during the summer and after we parted we corresponded at least once a week until about three months ago, when I wrote him a letter and have had nothing but postals in answer.

I am deeply in love with him and always thought he was in love with me.

Should I send him postals or wait for the long-looked-for letter?

Send him postal for postal, but don't write again till you hear from him.

Is She "Jollying" Him?

Dear Betty:

HILE is a certain young bird that I am very fond of, and she pretends to be fond of me, but I think she is only jollying me. She has been in the country all summer and will be home Oct. 1. I have been to see her a few times. What shall I do to find out if she is jollying me or not?

R. P. B.

You ought to be satisfied with the over-

girl's assurance. Why should she "jolly" you? I am sure she is in earnest.

He Should Tell His Love.

Dear Betty:

WHILE on my vacation at the sea-shore this summer I became acquainted with a young lady whom I think a great deal of. She seems to me how to prove my love to her and not offend her.

D. B.

Tell her you love her; she will not be offended even if she doesn't love you, and if she does she will be

glad to hear of it.

Mr. and Mrs. of the Theatres

In a green-covered copy of "Misspah," which will carry the Gospel into the Academy of Music next week, is this unique author's note:

"The plot of this drama, other than the historical story, together with the scenic situations, music and all lines not printed in italics, are the work of Lucombe Sewall; the lines printed in italics are from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. This announcement is made by the desire of Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

This very honest, though not scrupulously grammatical statement, is a neat way of settling the claims of Miss Wilcox and Mr. Sewall, not to mention the Creator. But why? What is the reason behind Miss Wilcox and her italics? Never has a work contained such a mixture of plodding small place and skittish italics. It must have kept the poor printer bobbing from case to case, for many of the pages show a speech of a few lines directed against anything more original.

"We hadn't met in twenty-two years," said Alfred E. Aarons at Wallack's last night, straightening his necktie after lovingly embracing "Charley" Chase.

"We were fellow-conspirators with the James Boys" then. Bob Ford had just been pardoned and rewarded for shooting Jesse James, and it occurred to us that there might be great dramatic possibilities in the touching little incident if we could get Ford to do his shooting specialty on the stage. Chase wrote the thrilling drama over night and I shook out some shivery music on the train that took us to Kansas City. Yes, we got Ford. We got him good and plenty. Everything would probably have gone all right if we had taken him in the right direction. Where we

West. We took him to Kansas City. Did you know Kansas City twenty-two years ago? Well, don't be sorry. It was rougher than the Brooklyn Bridge at the rush hour—cowboys! You couldn't rest and guns enough to stock a Cuban insurrection. To that gentle community we intrusted The James Boys, and incidentally Mr. Ford. The audience took The James Boys' to its flannel-shirted bosom, but it didn't hand The Welcome to Our City banner to Ford. It waited without a word until he pumped a black cartridge into our hero, and then it got busy with him. That shot was the signal. The common, or kitchen, variety of chair furnished ammunition for the enemy. I was leading the orchestra, but I ducked the job when chairs aimed at Ford began coming my way. We all ran for our lives, with Ford well in the lead.

After a fitful sleep we sneaked aboard a train and went to Independence, Mo., only to find that there the James boys were equally beloved and Ford as sincerely hated. The moment Robert showed his face the enthusiastic audience took several shots at him and he was seized with an attack of stage fright from which he never recovered. Chase and I also felt our nerve giving out, so we closed the show and said good-by. Chase is in the rubber business now, but it's not stretching a point to say that he wrote one of the most moving dramas that ever went West to grow up with the country."

RICHARD MANSFIELD, who will begin his season in Chicago on Oct. 28, is rehearsing his company in "Peer Gynt" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, where he will play an engagement during the Lenten period. His new leading lady is Miss Adelaide Alexander, who for two years occupied a similar position with Ben Greet's Shakespearean players. Other additions to Mr. Mansfield's company are Miss Ada Gilman, Miss Alice Warren, Alfred Hudson, Cecil Magnus, Bernard de Santelys and James L. Carhart. Among those who remain in Mr. Mansfield's support are Miss Irene Fraser, Miss Eleanor Barry and Arthur Forrest.

MISS CLARA CLEMENS, daughter of Mark Twain, is to make her American debut as a concert singer at a recital to be given on Saturday evening at Norfolk, Conn. Miss Clemens, who is said to possess a pure and sweet contralto voice, has devoted herself to music since a child, her residence abroad with her distinguished father having afforded exceptional opportunities. Her professional debut was made in Florence, where her work was warmly praised.

THOMAS H. LIVING, son of the late Sir Henry Irving, will challenge comparison in "Hamlet" and "The Lyons Mail." He has elected, however, to make his premiere as Malatesta in the poetic tragedy of Paolo and Francesca, from Schopenhauer's pen. The scope of this play gives him large opportunities. It also affords Miss Dorthea Baird, who was the original Trilby, an exceptional chance to shine as the youthful bride of the tyrant of Padua. The production of the play, purchased from George Alexander, is the one used by that actor in his presentation of the tragedy at the St. James Theatre in London.

THERE is reasonable ground for suspecting the Republican National Committee in connection with the "Bryan Talkalogue" that John W. Ransome is unleashing at Hammett's.

CHARLES DARTON.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Fruit Punch.

SQUEEZE the juice of four lemons and two oranges into a glass bowl or pitcher. Add a small can of shredded pineapple and put in any berries that you wish. Add a generous quantity of cracked ice and sugar to taste. A dash of rum, a small amount of water and a siphon of carbonated water will complete a delicious drink.

If served from a pitcher, put a generous bunch of mint on the top.

Iced Tea and Coffee.

TEA should be made fresh, but if it is not sufficient time to make coffee anew it can be done early in the day. Pour the hot tea over ice, add lemon juice and rind and Ja-

melica rum, if wished. Put the coffee, with a generous allowance of cream and pulverized sugar, into a glass jar with shaved ice; cover with a shaker and shake for several minutes. This shaking makes it light, foamy and delicious.

Panned Tomatoes.

FIRM tomatoes are cut in half, the cut side floured, seasoned and laid downward in a little hot butter or dripping. A light cover and the steam is confined and softens the upper side, and as soon as the floured side is browned each piece is laid on a hot platter. Flour sufficient to absorb the fat in the pan is dredged, then milk is added gradually to make a smooth gravy, which is seasoned and poured around the tomatoes.

DAILY KNITTING CHATS.

By Laura La Rue.



Designed in Bear Brand Yarn.

Infant's Bathrobe.

way the edges are finished is equally good. When baby wakes up from a nap or is just taken out of his bath he doesn't want to be bothered with ecclipses that catch on his toes. He wants a nice straight finish such as this garment has, and his mother wants it, too, for to her it means longer service and a continued good appearance.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Scripting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, N. Y. City.